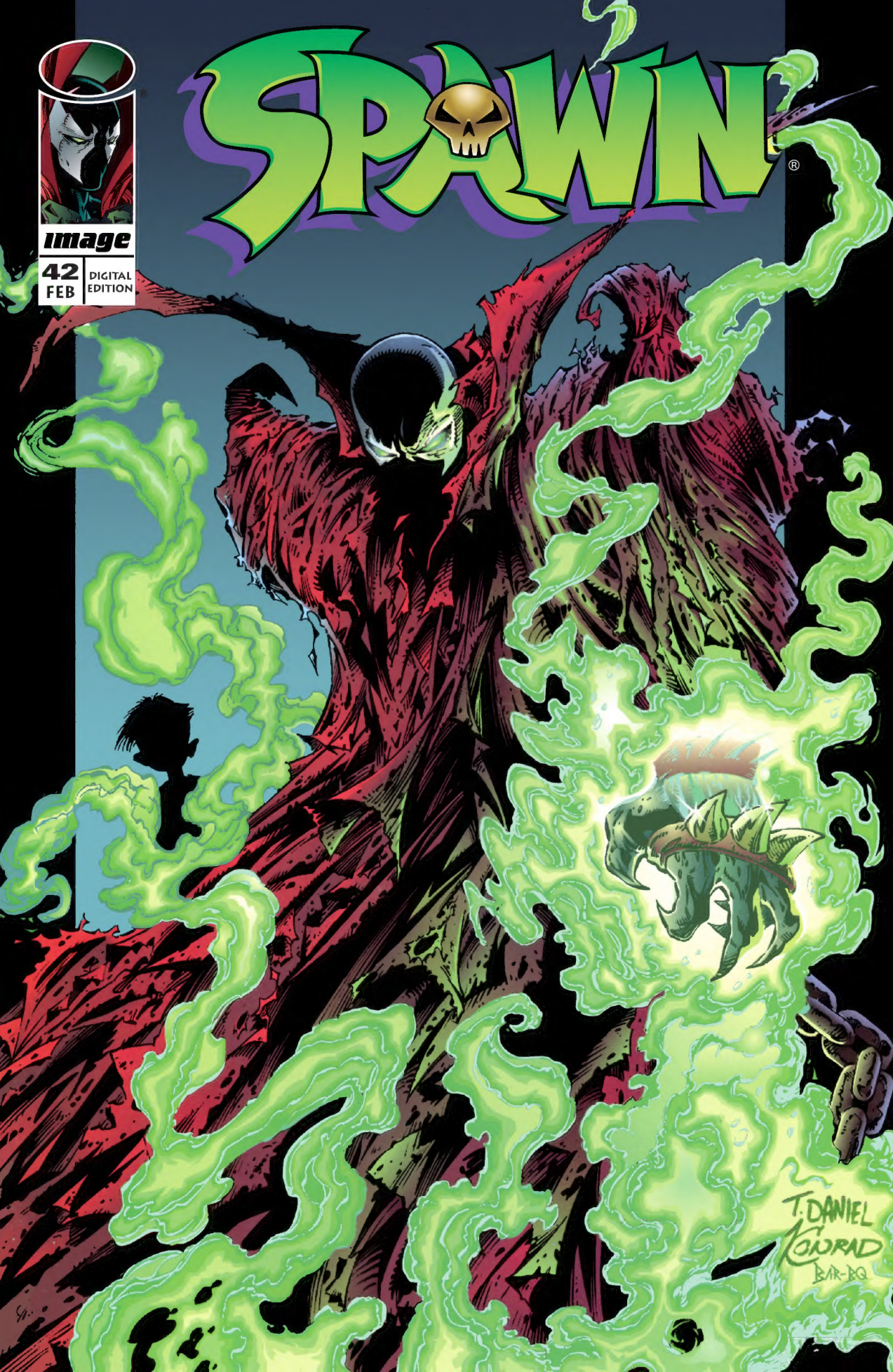




image

42
FEB | DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



T. DANIEL
KONRAD
BAR-BO

image COMICS PRESENTS:

FANBOY



Spawn #41 Summary:

Curse continues his sadistic torture of Spawn. With the physical part complete, he begins to mentally dissect him, searching for the the knowledge that will enable him to overpower the master of all evil. Spawn's uniform eventually wins the fight to come to life and reassembles him. As Spawn is engulfed by it's force, the maniacal Curse lunges for a switch, self-destructing the castle and everything in it. Elsewhere, Cy-Gor continues his journey towards New York for an as yet undetermined reason.

FOR IMAGE COMICS
LARRY MARDER - exec. director

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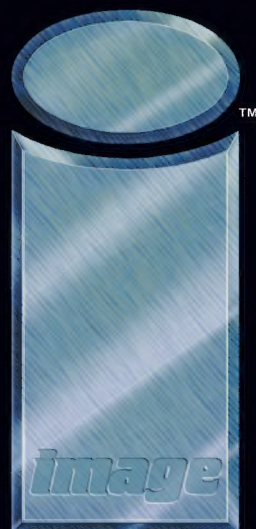
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QUINN SUPPLEE
and **OLYOPTICS**





THE THING IS TRAVELLING
AT EXTRAORDINARY SPEED...
RED-HOT BEFORE IT'S
GONE A MILE.

SPINNING...

...TWISTING...

...CONTORTING...



...ITS PULPY INTERIOR IS
PROTECTED BY AN OUTER
SHELL, NOW UNEXPECTEDLY
DISPLAYING THE ENDURANCE
OF VANADIUM STEEL.

AND THOUGH STILL WEAK
FROM ITS SEVERANCE, IT DID
MANAGE TO LOCATE AND
SWALLOW EVERYTHING.



THE ARMS.
LEGS. TORSO.

EVEN THE HEAD.



EVERY PIECE WAS
ACCOUNTED FOR.

THE HOST MUST
BE FUNCTIONAL,
MUST BENEFIT
THE SYSTEM.
IT MUST RECEIVE
PROTECTION.

SO THAT'S WHAT IT DELIVERED,
ARRANGING ITSELF INTO AN
AERODYNAMIC SHAPE-- A
RE-ENTRY SYSTEM FROM HELL.

THE PARTING SHOT HIT WITH THE FORCE OF AN
IMPACTING COMET, BLASTING THE LIVING UNIFORM
AND ITS PASSENGER AWAY. WITHIN SECONDS,
THEY'RE BLOWN FROM THE CURSE'S RURAL WEST
VIRGINIA CASTLE TO A BED OF WINTER-DEADENED
GROWTH TWO MILES AWAY. THE COSTUME'S HELL-
BORN INSTINCTS FOR SELF-PRESERVATION HAD
SERVED ITS DOMINANT FUNCTION:

...THE CONTINUED
PROTECTION OF THE
FORM INSIDE. ITS HOST.

AL SIMMONS.
SPAWN.

LIKE A SCARECROW
NOW, WITHOUT THE
PHYSICAL STRUCTURE
TO BEAR ITS OWN
WEIGHT, SPAWN RISES...

NOT BY HIS OWN
DESIRE, BUT BE-
CAUSE HIS COS-
TUME COMPELS
HIM TO DO SO.



CONNECTICUT.

...SO, UNLESS SOME OF THE REPORTS IN THIS FILE ARE FABRICATIONS, WE'VE GOT QUITE IMPLICIT CONNECTIONS BETWEEN **CHIEF BANKS** AND THE MURDER OF THE **JENNINGS** CHILD.

CRIPES! I DIDN'T THINK BANKS WAS *THAT* COMPETENT.

UNFORTUNATELY, SIR, IT APPEARS THAT HE WAS.

THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE WHOLE **BILLY KINCAID** TIMELINE. KINCAID WAS BEING DETAINED REGARDING *ANOTHER* CHILD'S DISAPPEARANCE. THE INVESTIGATOR IN CHARGE WAS ABRUPTLY 'TRANSFERRED' BY BANKS TO ANOTHER CASE, FOR NO STATED REASON... AND KINCAID WAS THEN RELEASED ON HIS OWN RECOGNISANCE.

HE SOON HEADED IN A CONSPICUOUS PATH TOWARD SENATOR JENNINGS' DAUGHTER.

KINCAID STOOD OUT LIKE A **SORE THUMB** IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD. THE CLERK AT THE 7-11 IDENTIFIED HIM WITHOUT HESITATION. IT'S AS IF SOMEONE POINTED HIM IN THE SENATOR'S DIRECTION--

--WITH THE **CLEAR INTENTION** OF SENDING JENNINGS A MESSAGE BY KIDNAPPING HIS DAUGHTER.

"AND THEN **SLAUGHTERING** HER."

"YES, SIR."

"BILLY'S **DEAD** LONG SINCE, SO HE AIN'T GIVING US ANY ANSWERS."

"NO, SIR. BUT IF WE CAN FOLLOW UP A FEW MORE LEADS, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE EVIDENCE WILL **CONCLUSIVELY** LINK CHIEF BANKS TO THE MURDER OF THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER."

...STILL, I'M A BIT
CONFUSED AS TO **WHY**
BILLY WAS LEFT ALIVE AFTER
THE JENNINGS MURDER. ELIMI-
NATING HIM **THEN**... PERHAPS
SCAPEGOATING AN "OVER-
ZEALOUS ROOKIE COP" FOR GOOD
MEASURE... WOULD SURELY HAVE
CLOSED THE CASE AND BURIED
ANY HINT OF CONSPIRACY.
UNLESS HE WAS BEING HELD
AS AN 'ACE', IF THE HEAT
GOT TURNED UP...

SO YOU
DON'T THINK
SPAWN IS
A PART OF
THIS.
SHRRP~

IT DOESN'T
APPEAR SO.
BUT IT DOES BEG
THE QUESTION
OF HOW **HE**
ACQUIRED THE
'SECRET' FILE ON
BANKS THAT
HE GAVE
US.*

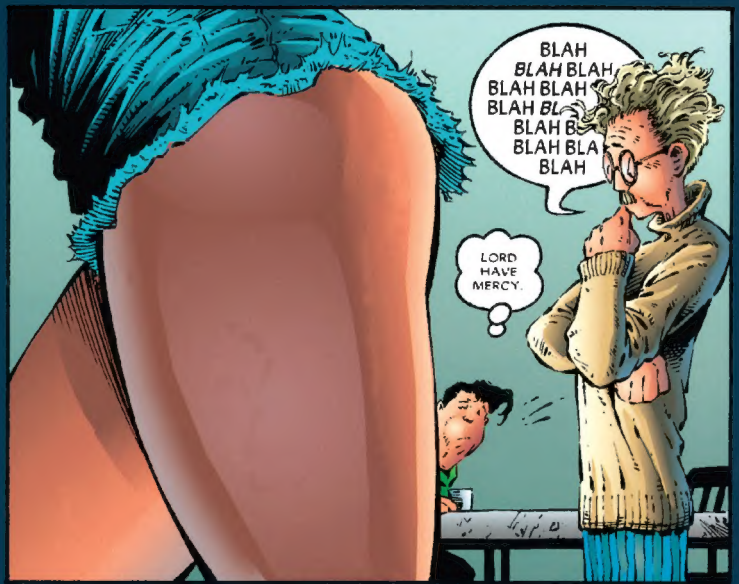
WE'LL FIGURE THAT OUT
LATER. RIGHT NOW WE'VE
GOT BANKS NAILED TO THE
WALL. I DON'T WANT HIM
WRIGGLING LOOSE.

HE WON'T. MEANWHILE,
WHO WAS HE WORKING FOR?
SOMEONE AT THE **C.I.A.** WHO
NEEDED THE ODD DOMESTIC JOB
DONE? THAT'S LIKELY, GIVEN
BANKS' TELEPHONE RECORDS.
IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE ANOTHER
YEAR TO TRACK ALL
THAT DOWN.

THAT'S
WHAT I'M
THINKING.

OH! HELLO,
SAM. NICE TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN.

Gulp~

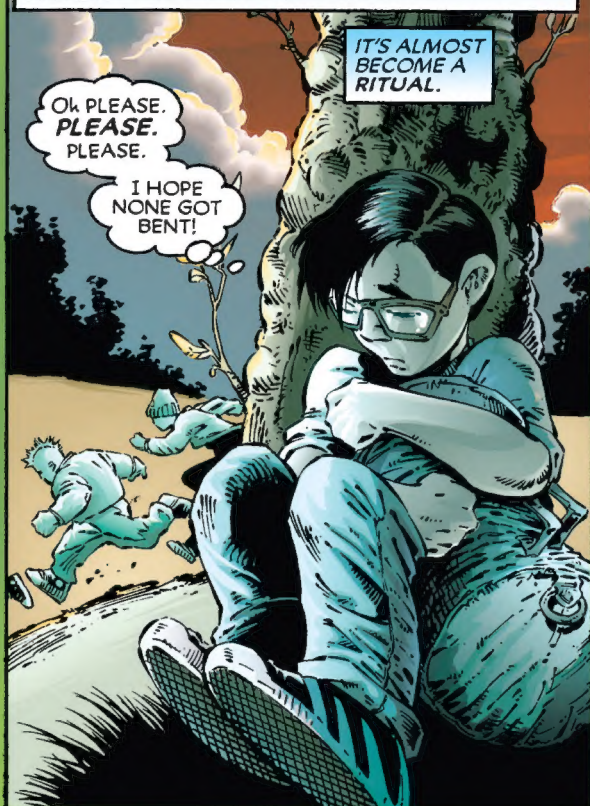


HE'S PAT SHAUNESSY--THE CLASS GEEK. EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTER SCHOOL THEY FOLLOW HIM. WHEN HE COMES OUT OF THE STORE AFTER MAKING HIS NEW PURCHASES, THE CHASE BEGINS.

IT'S ALMOST
BECOME A
RITUAL.

OK PLEASE.
PLEASE.
PLEASE.

I HOPE
NONE GOT
BENT!



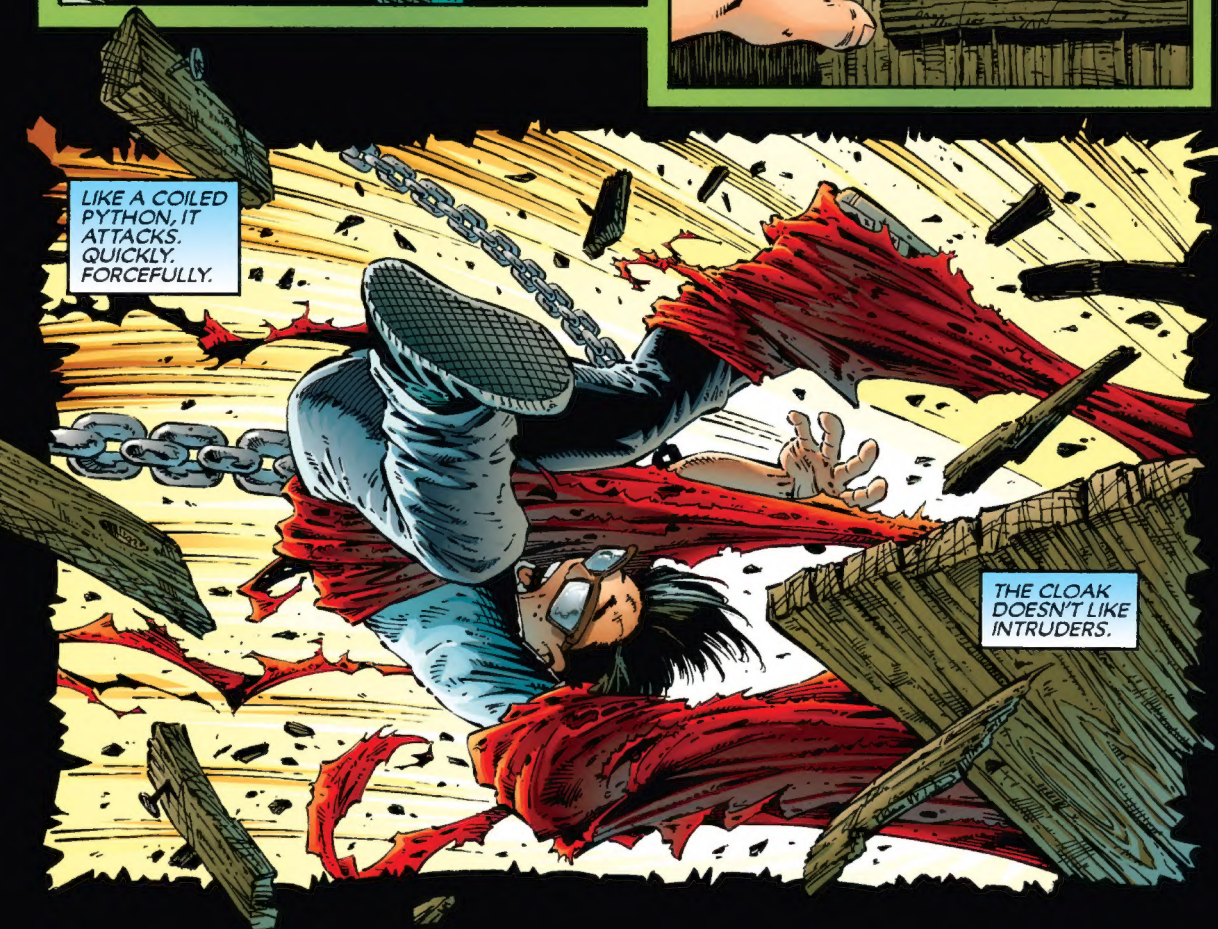
GOT TO
CHECK THEM
OVER, BUT
NOT TILL I
GET TO THE
HIDEOUT.

IT'S
SAFE
THERE.



I SWEAR,
IF EVEN ONE
CORNER IS
WRECKED, I'M
GOING TO
TELL THEIR
MOMS.

LIKE A COILED
PYTHON, IT
ATTACKS.
QUICKLY.
FORCEFULLY.



THE CLOAK
DOESN'T LIKE
INTRUDERS.



DON'T HURT ME. I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT. ANYTHING!



SENSING THAT THE BOY POSES NO THREAT, THE CAPE RELEASES HIM.

GET OUT OF HERE, BOY! BEFORE YOU GET HURT.

WHAT D'YOU MEAN? ARE YOU OKAY, MISTER? YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.

I'M FINE. JUST LEAVE. DON'T ANGER IT.



DID YOU HEAR ME? I SAID IT MIGHT... I MIGHT JUST HURT YOU. I DON'T HAVE CONTROL.




OF WHAT?
YOUR COSTUME? YOU MEAN IT'S ALIVE!!!? JUST LIKE **VENOM'S?!?**

THAT MEANS YOU'RE A SUPER-HERO. A REAL LIVE ONE.

NOT QUITE.

A MOMENT PASSES, AND SPAWN FEELS THE LIVERY RELAX.



THIS IS SO GREAT!
I MEAN, YOU'RE A
HERO JUST LIKE IN MY
COMICS. HERE, LET
ME SHOW YOU MY
NEWEST ONES.
JUST GOT THEM
TODAY.

TOMMY
AND HIS GANG
OF BULLIES
TRY TO STEAL
THEM EVERY
WEEK.

HEY!
ARE YOU
PART OF A
TEAM?

EXCUSE
ME?

YOU
KNOW, LIKE
YOUNGBLOODS.
THE AVENGERS.
FANTASTIC FOUR.
THE X-MEN.

YOU LIKE
COMICS? I LOVE
'EM!! ESPECIALLY THE
MUTANTS. THEY'RE THE
COOLEST. THOUGH IT'S
TOUGH KEEPING
TRACK OF ALL
THEIR BOOKS.

Y'KNOW,
X-FORCE USED TO
BE MY FAVORITE, 'TIL
TONY DANIELS LEFT.
IT'S STILL OKAY,
I GUESS.

AND
SPIDEY. I LIKE
HIM TOO.
CRAWLING
AROUND
BUILDINGS AND
STUFF.

WOULDN'T
THAT BE **AWE-**
SOME? WELL,
WHAT'S YOUR
ANSWER? YOU
PART OF A
GROUP, OR
WHAT?

NO.

THAT'S OKAY. LOTS OF NEAT HEROES STAY TO THEMSELVES. SUPERMAN. HULK. THE MAXX. SAVAGE DRAGON. EVEN THE PITT.

SURE WISH THAT BOOK CAME OUT MORE OFTEN.

EVEN BATMAN. HAVE YOU SEEN ANY OF THE MOVIES?

WHAT MOVIES?

THE BATMAN ONES. THERE'S BEEN THREE OF THEM. YOU COULDN'T HAVE MISSED ALL OF THEM! WHERE YOU BEEN?

SPAWN CAN ONLY SMILE.

WELL, I'M GOING TO BE ONE WHEN I GROW UP. BEEN PRACTICING AND EVERYTHING. EVEN GOT ME A SYMBOL!

Ta-DAA!

IT STANDS FOR THE TERRORIZER!

WHAT'S YOURS STAND FOR?

NOTHING.

SURE IT DOES. THEY ALL DO.

AWAY. FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

THEN YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT IMAGE COMICS, EITHER.

NO.

TOO BAD. THEY'RE THE BEST! WOW, I GUESS IT'S PRETTY TOUGH BEING A GOOD GUY, HUH?



"IT LOOKS LIKE A BIG 'M' TO ME. SO WHAT'RE YOUR POWERS?"

"DON'T KNOW YET."

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SUPER-POWERS YOU HAVE. THAT'S NOT VERY SMART. WELL THEN, DID SOMEBODY GIVE YOU YOUR STRENGTH?"

"YOU COULD SAY THAT."

"WHAT WAS HIS NAME?"

"MALEBOLGIA."

"THAT'S A FUNNY NAME. BUT IT DOES BEGIN WITH AN 'M'."

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, KID."

"OKAY, HOW ABOUT THIS. DID THIS MALEBOLGIA GUY GIVE POWER TO ANYONE ELSE, THAT YOU KNOW OF?"

"YES."

"AND DOES HE HAVE THE SAME MARK?"

THE VISION RUSHES HEADLONG AT HIM. THE VIOLATOR'S HUMAN FORM DOES HAVE A MARK. ON HIS FOREHEAD. A PERFECT MATCH FOR THE ONE ON SPAWN'S CHEST.

IT REALLY IS AN "M."

TOLD YA!

BUT YOU KNOW
WHAT I HAVEN'T
FIGURED? HOW DO YOU
BECOME A GOOD-GUY?
I MEAN A REAL ONE.
NOT A PRETEND
ONE.

I'D LIKE
TO KNOW.
SERIOUSLY.

I DON'T HAVE YOUR
ANSWERS, SON. IF I DID, I
WOULDN'T BE STUCK IN A
BARN, NOW WOULD I?

YEAH,
I GUESS
NOT.

WHAT'S
YOUR
NAME?

PAT.

LISTEN, PAT. BEING
A HERO ISN'T ABOUT
CAPES AND COSTUMES. IT'S
ABOUT ACTIONS. AND
HOW YOU CHOOSE THEM.

IT'S NOT
THAT
EASY

IN CASE YOU
HAVEN'T GUESSED,
I'M THE CLASS NERD.
THE TEACHER LIKES
ME BUT THAT'S ABOUT
IT. DON'T HAVE ANY
FRIENDS, REALLY. THE
KIDS AT SCHOOL CAN
BE KINDA CRUEL AT
TIMES, TOO. BUT
I'M TOO SCARED
TO FIGHT.



STRENGTH
ISN'T ABOUT
MUSCLES,
PAT.

IT'S ABOUT
STANDING UP
FOR WHAT'S
RIGHT. EVEN IF
OTHERS DIS-
AGREE.

YOU
SOUND
LIKE MY
DAD.

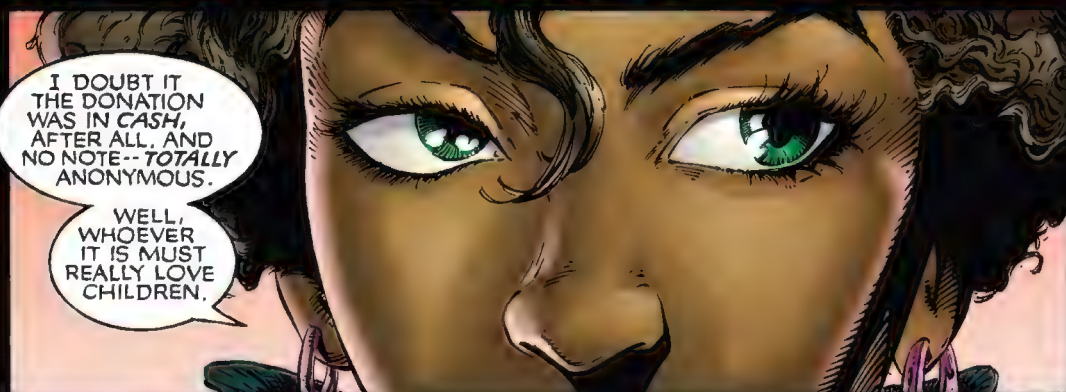
I'M NOT TRYING
TO LECTURE YOU. BUT
YOU KNOW THERE'S EVIL
IN THE WORLD. IT COMES
IN MANY FORMS. EACH
OF US HAS TO STAND UP
TO IT SOMETIME, IN
OUR OWN WAY.

I UNDERSTAND.
I THINK. CAN I ASK
YOU SOMETHING ELSE?
DO YOU KNOW MUCH
ABOUT GIRLS?

Uh?

THERE'S THIS
GIRL, SEE, HER NAME
IS PAM WILLIAMS. I
LIKE HER LOTS. SHE'S
SMART AND VERY
CUTE. PROBLEM IS,
SHE DOESN'T
KNOW I'M ALIVE.
DO YOU HAVE A
GIRLFRIEND?

YES,
I DO.





AND
SPEAKING OF
GOOD NEWS,
HOW ABOUT THE
WAY THINGS
HAVE TAKEN CARE
OF THEMSELVES
WITH THE I.R.S.!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE.
YOU *KNOW* HOW WORKED
UP ABOUT IT I WAS. THEN, I
GOT A 'LITTLE' GODSEND
MYSELF. SOMEHOW MY TAXES
ARE ALL IN ORDER AND THEY
EVEN INCREASED MY
PENSION CHECK.

LET'S
BE GLAD
FOR THE
LITTLE
THINGS.

HOW'RE
YOU AND
TERRY HOLDING
UP WITH ALL
THIS 'BOMBING'
SCANDAL
STUFF?



FINE. IT IS JUST SO HARD
SOMETIMES. THEY'RE REALLY
PUSHING HIM AT WORK. I
DON'T THINK THEY TRUST HIM.
HE COMES HOME SO TIRED...

SO
DISTANT...

COUGH <-
KGH <-
KGH <-

YOU
OKAY,
WANDA?

MAMA.
UP.
PEEZ!
UP.



YEAH.
JUST A
COUGH. I
MUST BE
COMING
DOWN WITH
SOME-
THING.

PROBABLY
ALL THIS
STRESS.



THE GREAT BEAST RESTS
FOR A MOMENT. THIS IS
NOT THE RIGHT PLACE.

NOT **BIG** ENOUGH.

NOT **TALL** ENOUGH.

IT MUST BE
BEHIND THE
CLOUDS.

HE HAS TO GET TO
THE RIGHT PLACE.
THEY HAVE THE
SECRET THERE.

HIS BRAIN--WHAT'S
LEFT OF IT-- TELLS
HIM SO. BUT FIRST
HE MUST FEED.

HE REMEMBERS THAT
YOU MUST BE STRONG
TO ENTER THE 'RIGHT
PLACE' ... FOR IT IS
WHERE THINGS GET
LOST. WHERE THINGS
DISAPPEAR.

A JUNGLE.
THAT'S
WHAT IT IS.
A MASSIVE
GREY
JUNGLE.

WITH
SHADOWS
TO HIDE
MANY
SECRETS.

NY
YORK

SOON.
VERY SOON.
HE WILL
FIND IT.

AND THOSE
WHO MADE HIM.

JUST BEHIND
THE CLOUDS.

MANHATTAN.
121st PRECINCT
STATION HOUSE.
3:18 A.M.

DO YOU
THINK
THIS IS
PROPER,
SIR?

**SCREW
PROPER!!**

KEYS
THAT MIGHT
UNLOCK
SOME DARK
SECRETS.

Oh, DON'T
LOOK SO
SURPRISED. THE
WHOLE BUILDING
KNOWS YOU AND
BANKS ARE
WARRING... AND
PEOPLE ARE
TAKING
SIDES.

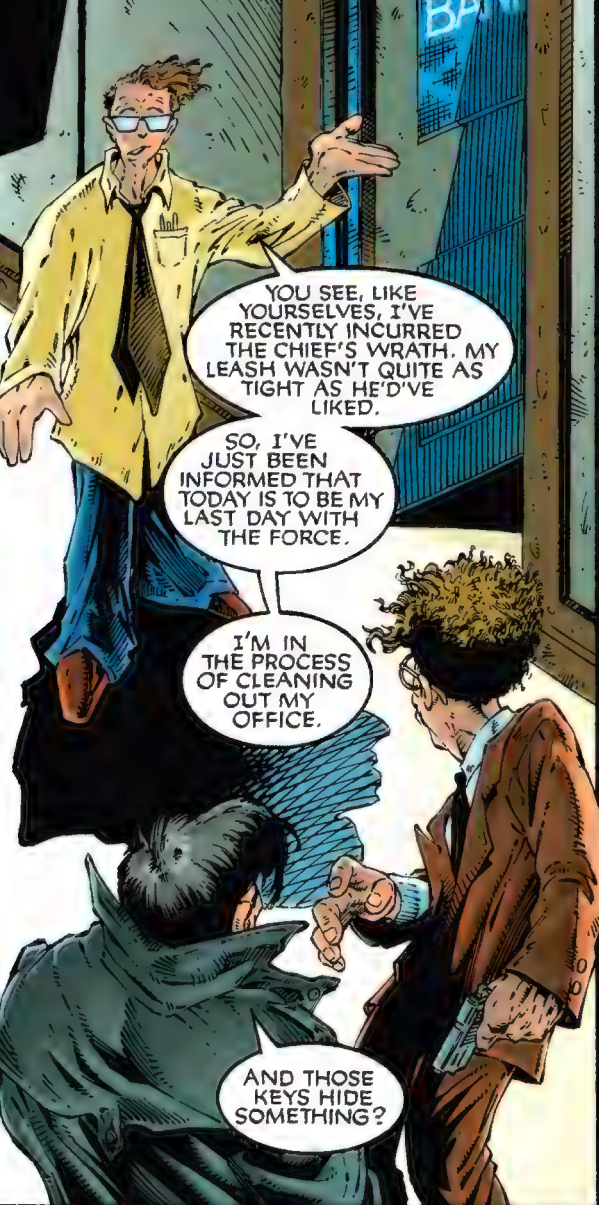
ME, I'M
JUST OUT
FOR SELF-
PRESERVATION...
WHICH MEANS I
NEED A FAVOR
FROM YOU
BOYS.

WE NEED TO
GET OUR HANDS
ON HIS ROLODEX.
YOU'VE ALREADY
AGREED.

TO
STAND
GUARD.
THAT'S
ALL.

FINE.

HERE'S
WHAT
YOU NEED,
BOYS.



YOU SEE, LIKE YOURSELVES, I'VE RECENTLY INCURRED THE CHIEF'S WRATH. MY LEASH WASN'T QUITE AS TIGHT AS HE'D'VE LIKED.

SO, I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT TODAY IS TO BE MY LAST DAY WITH THE FORCE.

I'M IN THE PROCESS OF CLEANING OUT MY OFFICE.

AND THOSE KEYS HIDE SOMETHING?



I DON'T KNOW. DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. BUT THE FILES SIT IN A CABINET THAT ISN'T USUALLY LOCKED.

THEY'RE AFRAID I MIGHT TAKE ONE.

GUESS THEY DIDN'T THINK I'D MAKE DUPLICATE KEYS.

SO WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?



LIKE I SAID... *SELF-PRESERVATION*. IF THEY THINK SOMEONE ELSE IS LOOKING WHERE THEY SHOULDN'T, THAT DISTRACTS THEM FROM ME.



"THE PEOPLE BANKS HANGS OUT WITH ARE HEAVY HITTERS.

"THEY DON'T MESS AROUND.



SIR. LOOK AT THIS.

"YOU GUYS CAN BUY ME SOME TIME TO DISAPPEAR."

BINGO!

RECEIPTS FROM A COURIER SERVICE-- FOR MOVING ITEMS FROM ONE POINT TO ANOTHER-- SOME UP TO FOUR OR FIVE TIMES A DAY!

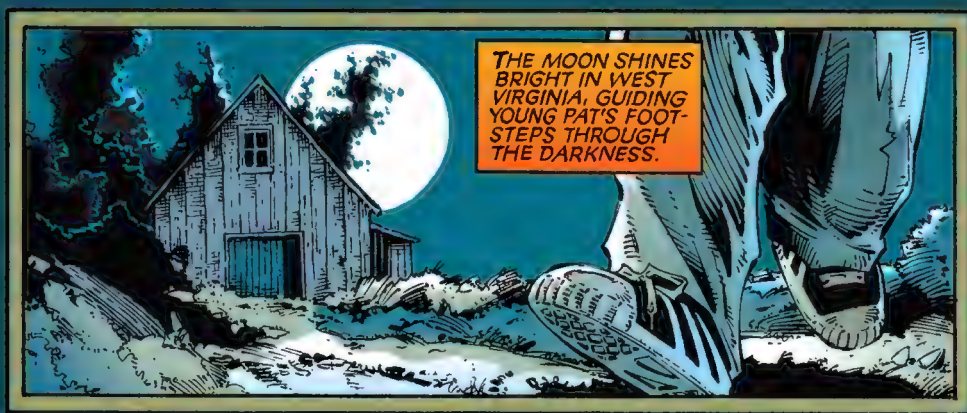
ALL ENDING UP AT VARIOUS FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

MY GUT TELLS ME WE DO A LITTLE POKING AROUND AND WE'VE GOT A WEB CONNECTING POLITICIANS, A MURDERER, COPS, C.I.A. AND BUSINESSMEN-- ALL INVOLVED IN SOME TWISTED PLAN.

ALL TRIGGERED BY THE DEATH OF SENATOR JENNINGS' DAUGHTER.

"DAMN THEM, TWITCH. KINCAID WAS JUST A TOOL. SOMEONE THEY COULD USE FOR CAREER ADVANCEMENT.

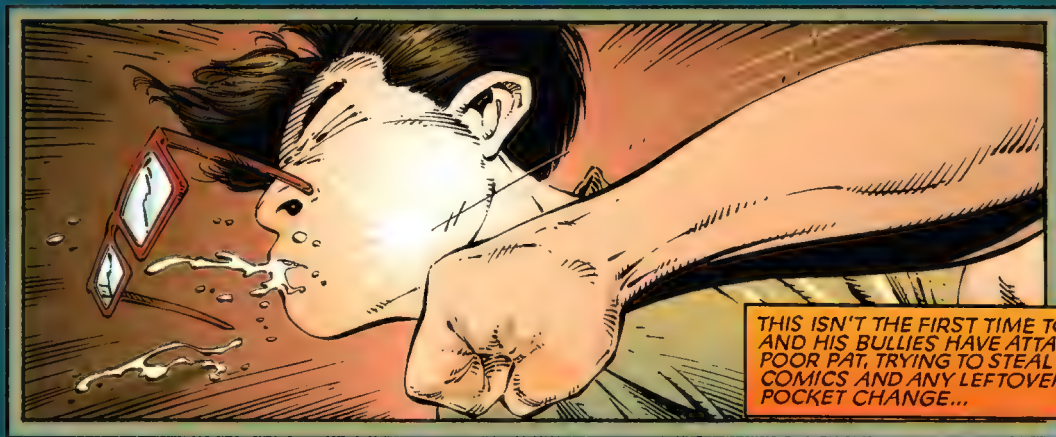
"WELL, I HOPE THEY'RE COMFORTABLE NOW, BECAUSE THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET CRAPPED ON. "



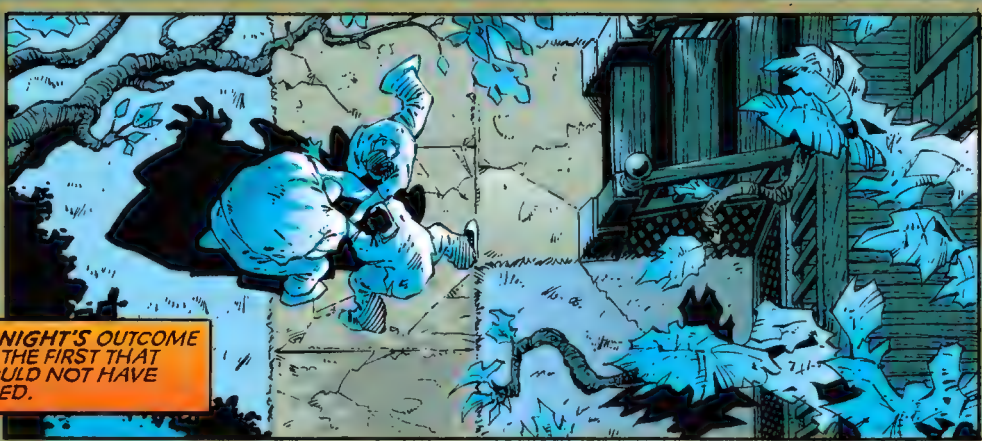
THE MOON SHINES
BRIGHT IN WEST
VIRGINIA, GUIDING
YOUNG PAT'S FOOT-
STEPS THROUGH
THE DARKNESS.

LOST IN THOUGHT
AS HE WALKS
HOMEWARD, PAT
MULLS OVER
EVERYTHING
SPAWN TRIED
TO TELL HIM.

ABOUT LIFE,
GIRLS, HEROISM,
AND THE POWER
FROM WITHIN.




THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME TOM
AND HIS BULLIES HAVE ATTACKED
POOR PAT, TRYING TO STEAL HIS
COMICS AND ANY LEFTOVER
POCKET CHANGE...



... BUT TONIGHT'S OUTCOME
WILL BE THE FIRST THAT
THEY COULD NOT HAVE
PREDICTED.





HOW ABOUT...
ALL OF THEM!

EACH IS EVIL,
IN SOME SMALL
FASHION.

JUST ENOUGH
TO ATTRACT
THE PARASITIC
UNIFORM OF...

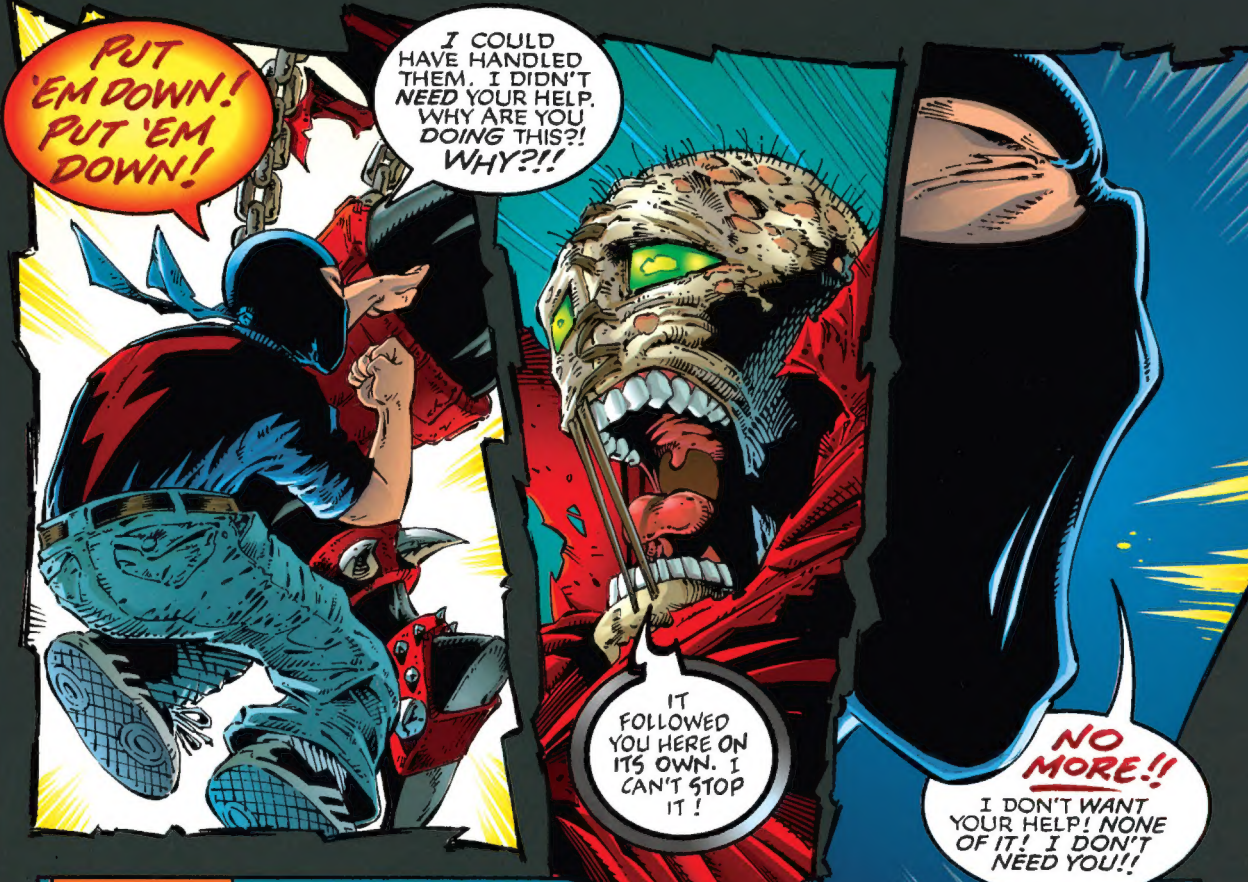
SPAWN!

WHAT'RE
YOU DOING?!
I THOUGHT THEY
WERE AFRAID OF
ME, NOT YOU. I
DIDN'T NEED YOU
TO SNEAK UP
BEHIND ME!

YOU MADE
ME LOOK
LIKE A FOOL!
ARE YOU
LISTENING?

YOU'RE
HURTING
THEM!
CAN'T YOU
SEE?!

NOT REALLY. THE
COSTUME HAS TAKEN
OVER MOST OF HIS
NEURAL SYSTEM AGAIN.
SPAWN'S ACTIONS ARE
NOW PREDICATED ON
THE CLOAK'S EMOTIONS.



PUT 'EM DOWN!
PUT 'EM DOWN!

I COULD HAVE HANDLED THEM. I DIDN'T NEED YOUR HELP. WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?! WHY?!!

IT FOLLOWED YOU HERE ON ITS OWN. I CAN'T STOP IT!

NO MORE!!
I DON'T WANT YOUR HELP! NONE OF IT! I DON'T NEED YOU!!

THE BOYS ARE DROPPED.



GOOD. NOW STAY!

OKAY, TOMMY, SCRAM! I'LL MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T COME AFTER YOU.

C'MON, HURRY! YOU HEARD HIM!

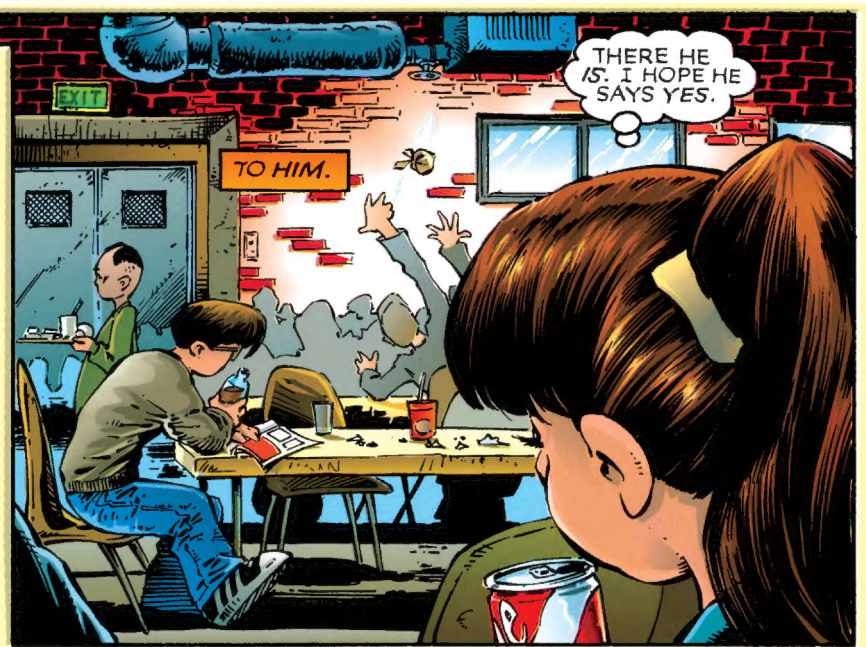


A FEW MINUTES LATER, SPAWN DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT. WHEN THE BOYS' PARENTS TALK IT OVER, THEY'LL RATIONALIZE IT AWAY AS A TIFF BETWEEN THE YOUNGSTERS. A COUPLE OF THEM WILL BE GROUNDED.

NONE WILL BE BELIEVED.



BUT THEY KNOW.
THAT'S ALL THAT
REALLY MATTERS
TO THEM.



THERE HE
IS. I HOPE HE
SAYS YES.

TO HIM.

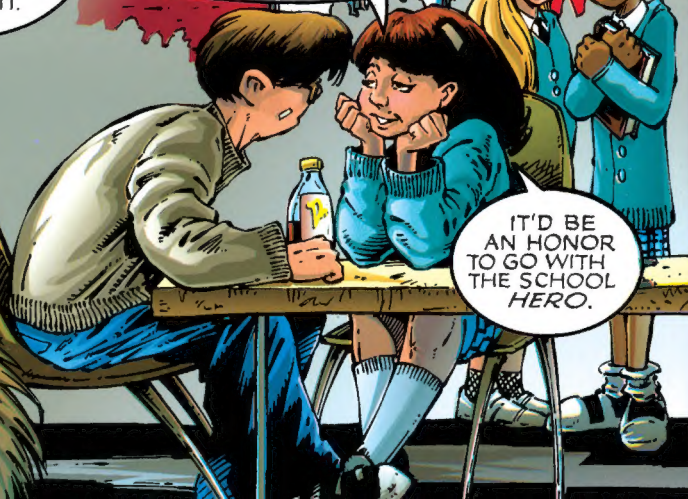


HELLO. HOW'RE
THINGS GOING?
MY NAME
IS...

PAM WILLIAMS!
PLEASED TO
MEET YOU...!

THANKS. I
HEARD ABOUT
WHAT YOU DID
YESTERDAY...
HOW YOU HELPED
TOMMY AND HIS
FRIENDS. EVERY-
ONE'S TALKING
ABOUT IT.

THAT WAS VERY BRAVE OF
YOU, PAT. WE'RE ALL IMPRESSED.
I THINK IT'S COOL WHAT YOU DID.
SO, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D
LIKE TO BE MY DATE FOR THE
SADIE HAWKINS DANCE
ON FRIDAY.



IT'D BE
AN HONOR
TO GO WITH
THE SCHOOL
HERO.



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE